

Mr. Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## CURRENT NOTES.

Good men are human suns; they brighten and warm wherever they pass.

THE difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

THE heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine lazily and to sleep warm.

BE thyself blameless of what thou abukest. He that cleanses a blot with spotted fingers makes a greater blot.

A CONTEMPLATIVE life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other: but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

THERE is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or thinks he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

IT is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

THE happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

TASSO being urged to avenge himself upon a man who had done him many injuries, said: "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honours, but only his *ill-will* toward me."

THERE is a test-point about you somewhere. Perhaps it is pride; you cannot bear an affront; you will not confess a fault. Perhaps it is personal vanity, ready to sacrifice everything to display. Perhaps it is a sharp tongue. Perhaps it is some sensual appetite, bent on its mean gratification. Then you are to rather up your moral forces just here, and, all that darling sin is brought under the practical law of Christ, you are shut out from Christ's kingdom.

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character.

THE most delicate and satisfying of all happiness consists in promoting the happiness of others.

THE obligation of the public faith transcends all questions of profit or public advantage otherwise.

HOSPITALITY is seed; and the husbandman does not become wealthy by saving, but by sowing, of his seed.

THE blush of modesty—it is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

THE road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too rugged for love, too crooked for honesty, and too dark for science.

THE strength of a church is not its confession, nor frame, nor reputed gifts, nor any outward condition. The truly good men in it give it power in a community.

YOU may give the church wealth and station and social power, and rob it of the Son of God, and it becomes a mere mass of human beings, a corporate body without a head.

WE can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of tomorrow before we are called to bear it.

WHEREVER thou art, thou hast near thee an altar and a sacrifice, for thou art thyself priest, altar, and sacrifice. Our worship is not external, like that of the Jews. Wherever thou art, thou canst build an altar; it suffices that thou shouldst feel deeply the want of God's help; even if thou canst not bend the knee, strike thy breast, or raise thy hands towards heaven. A woman at her needle can raise her soul to God, and cry with her heart to Him; a merchant at the market, or at the exchange, can examine himself and pray with fervour. An artisan at his workshop can pray. God only requires that the heart should be warm and the desire honest.



## UNCLE JOHN'S BIBLE.

JOHN MALCOLM had a hard time of it. The neighbours called him "shiftless." Some shrewd, money-getting and money-keeping farmers said he had "no faculty," whatever that may mean. He had the air of a man for whom life has been too much of a burden. Things had indeed gone contrary with him; circumstances had switched him off the track of prosperity, and he wasn't able to get back again.

The man had no bad habits; he didn't drink, or swear, or gamble, or even smoke—in short, he had all the negative virtues, and many a positive virtue besides. His brightest virtue was faith. He believed in God, and, however dark his path seemed, he always had this star to guide him. It is an immensely compensating thing to have faith, and with it a man can endure almost any want.

John Malcolm's wife was in the sense of the word a helpmeet. She counted no toil for her family as too much. Nothing discouraged her. She would go singing about her work from earliest dawn till a rather late bedtime, and though she had done so year in and year out never complained of her lot as a hard one. Her idea of life was a struggle to make both ends meet, and she never thought of murmuring at the struggle, because she believed it led to a reward of perfect rest and peace. She believed in God and in working for His glory. She swept and scrubbed and mended and baked and churned and cooked with a firm belief that it was everybody's mission to work themselves through the world into the kingdom of heaven. She did all her work to God's glory without even thinking about the matter, and she had as sunny a face and as happy a heart as any princess in the world.

At the period when my story begins the Malcolms had two children, Harry, aged twelve, and Mollie, aged ten. Harry, brown as a nut, supple-jointed, strong in his arm, brave in his heart, full of life and spirits, with no idea of being afraid of work, and determined to make the most of his opportunities. Mollie was pale and delicate,

a sweet and gentle child who was generally tired without knowing why, and whose blue eyes had a certain sadness, as if the light and bustle of life was too much for them.

The elder Malcolms began life happily enough, with a little farm bought and paid for, a little money in the bank, and both of them in good health and spirits. Everything went smoothly during the first year. The crops were excellent and large. Harry was born and was a healthy and happy baby. Their home seemed to promise all that was bright and beautiful. The second year misfortunes began to come upon them. There was a long mid-summer drought and all the crops failed. But John Malcolm found some work to do, at low wages, to be sure, but it prevented the need of drawing on their little hoard. But when winter came Mrs. Malcolm was taken sick with a fever and Harry had the whooping-cough, and what with doctor's bills, and bills for help, and the other incidental expenses of sickness, when planting time came John found that his little bank account was reduced to very nearly nothing. Then there was another disastrous summer. This time it was the army worm, which justified its name, and left John Malcolm's fields all but desolate.

About this time John did come pretty near being discouraged; but he got out his old family Bible and read all the comforting promises, and prayed for strength to work and faith to trust, and then he went on with his plodding. It was up-hill work, though, and few resting places. A wife in poor health, a baby to care for, a farm that had had no crops to speak of for two years, and only one pair of hands to do it all.

Still John Malcolm worked on, trusting in God. But he did not thrive. When a man begins to go down hill it is hard to overcome the impetus and turn in the other direction. It was only a year or two before John had to borrow money on his farm, and then there was the yearly burden of interest to pay. The barn and fences began to get out of repair, and John had to work all the time to get bread



enough to eat, so that he couldn't repair them.

It was at this point that the neighbours began to say that he was "shiftless." When John thought the burden of his life was already beyond his strength there came another burden to him. This was about two years before the date of my story. An uncle of Mrs. Malcolm's came home to die. He came to John Malcolm's a poor, broken-down man, who had consumption fixed upon him, and John hadn't the heart to turn him away from the door. He lived with the Malcolms till he died, they waited upon him tenderly. Mrs. Malcolm was well now, and said she didn't mind a little work for "poor Uncle John," though everybody knew that poor Uncle John made her a very great deal of trouble indeed. At last the old man died, and before he died he took his Bible and read them a chapter, bade them all a grateful good-bye, and then, wrapping the book up carefully in thick brown paper, gave it as his only bequest to Harry. "Here, my boy," he said, "this is all I have to leave. It is the best legacy I can give you. Read it carefully, let its contents cheer you and help you, and if the battle of life seems to you sometimes hard, remember that this book teaches you all the way through the work and trust."

Harry received the book gratefully, and laid it away carefully among his treasures; but as he had a Bible of his own he didn't so much as remove the coverings of the one his great-uncle had given him. Harry kept all his treasures in an old disused oven, and he laid the Bible there with the rest. These old-fashioned brick ovens are as good as patent safes to keep things in; that is, if nobody happens to make a fire inside.

To everybody's trouble I suppose there comes, some time or other, a climax—a turning-point—when night is left behind and day begins. John Malcolm and his wife thought that they had had a hard life, and Harry too thought it rather hard that he had to be taken out of school and go to work with his father; but nobody murmured, everybody was hopeful, because now

they were beginning to get a little ahead. John Malcolm had not only paid the interest on his mortgage, but had reduced the principal a little, and the crops were beginning to be better, and Mrs. Malcolm was in good health again, and they were all cheerful and happy. But the crisis of their troubles was yet to come, and, like the crisis of a fever, it was the most painful part.

Harry and his father had been off all day long to market, and it was a little after sunset when they neared home. They had a mile or so to go when they were met by a neighbour who came running to them with his face full of anxiety and pain. They knew something had gone wrong, and could hardly wait for their neighbour to speak. At last he did speak, saying:—

"John Malcolm, I've got bad news for you."

"Nothing has happened to my wife or child?" asked John, turning pale.

"No, they are safe."

"Thank God! What is it, then?"

Then the neighbour told them how that two or three hours before, while Mrs. Malcolm was making up the fire to get their supper, the chimney had caught fire, and it being a dry time the fire had spread to the roof and the whole house had burned. John Malcolm groaned aloud at this dismal intelligence.

"We tried to save the barn," continued the neighbour, "but it was no use—everything was so dry."

Poor John; the tears actually came into his eyes, and he said:—

"This is hard, very hard; and at my time of life."

Harry tried to comfort his father, telling him he could work, and that he was just beginning life, and would work his very fingers off to build up a home. At last they came in sight of the house. It was a most pitiable sight. There, under a tree, were a few household goods that had been taken from the house, and sitting among them was Mrs. Malcolm, weeping sadly, and holding Mollie to her heart and trying, between her sobs, to quiet the child's fear and trembling.

"Oh John," she said, as she saw her husband, "what shall we do? How



can we bear it? After all these years of toil, to see it all swept away. It is too hard, too hard."

"We'll have to begin over again," said Harry. "We'll do as Uncle John said, work and trust."

All that remained of the old house was its chimney, a great, square, old-fashioned chimney, and the great, round-top brick oven. They stood there, stark and black with smoke, a dismal monument of a ruined home.

Harry thought of his treasures, a few toys, a score of well-thumbed books, and Uncle John's Bible. He supposed, of course, they had been destroyed but he thought at any rate he'd go and look. So he did. He picked his way among the hot brands. He pulled out one by one his precious books. He found his eyes growing moist when he found in what a condition "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" were, only a few pages in the middle left readable. Then he tried again, and this time brought out Uncle John's Bible. The thick paper that had wrapped it was burned off, the twine that tied it was only ashes, and the brown covers were warped out of shape, and the edges of the leaves were burned black. But the reading was all right. It was rather hot still, but Harry seized it and carried it to his mother.

"Here it is," he exclaimed, "not quite spoiled. We can read it yet. See, the reading part is all right," and he laid it in his mother's lap and began turning over its leaves.

What makes them all grow brighter? He turns over the leaves, and there is an exclamation of surprise. The neighbours gather round and stand amazed. The old present of Mrs. Malcolm's uncle which had never been opened, contained a note. All Uncle John's savings, and there is a letter besides expressive of the dead man's gratitude, and asking a blessing on all the family.

Right there and then, with the smoking ruins of their old home before their eyes, with their neighbours and friends all about them, with the deep twilight growing into darkness, they kneel down and thank God for His goodness, and pray for God's blessing on the bounty

they have so unexpectedly received.

Now John Malcolm is no longer "shiftless." There is a new house built over the ruins of the old one, with the same old chimney and oven. The farm prospered wonderfully last year. Harry is at school again; in the sitting-room, on a table of his own, is Uncle John's Bible, and over it hangs a tastefully wrought motto, in which the words "Work and Trust," shine out in letters of gold, and it is the motto of the family.

### DO WE KNOW JESUS?

WE need to know the *history* of Christ, we need to be acquainted with the *doctrine* of Christ in the abstract. But, that which we need before we can experience salvation, or know experimentally what pure religion is, is a true knowledge of Christ's heart.

The kingdom of God was within Christ during his ministry on earth in person, even as it is (in a less degree of purity and of perfection of course) within the hearts of all his true followers, who, through faith in Christ, do enter the divine kingdom of God, or, are brought under his reign, the reign of grace; for we are not under the law, but under grace. We should study to know the *heart* of Christ better than we do. "An evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth evil things, and a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Out of the pure heart of Christ has come to us no evil things. The whole treasure of that dear heart was good, and constantly did Jesus, not only towards his friends, but towards his enemies also, bring forth good things. He wept, seated upon the mount of Olives, as he beheld the city of Jerusalem and its sinful inhabitants doomed, because of obstinate sinfulness, to suffer temporal ruin. Contemplate the scene and learn the heart of Jesus. Those tears were eloquent. Those words were hopeful. "Verily, I say unto you ye shall not see me henceforth, until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name



of the Lord!" In this we see mercy rejoicing against judgment. We see that compassionate heart of Christ which, inasmuch as we truly know it, causes us to weep as Christ wept, and leads us, not so much to condemn others, as to be striving with Christ to save and to bless all.

Study to know the *heart*, the *soul* of Christ. Nothing, I am fully persuaded, will do so much as will this, to make us true Christians. Be often in your thought, in your prayers, in your reading, on the mount of Olives with Christ. Be often with him at the grave of Lazarus, where he wept with the bereaved sisters. Be daily in your meditations and prayers at the foot of the cross, looking at that scene of suffering and praying. Listen to the words of a dying Saviour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," would you know the heart of Jesus. Gaze on that scene until you weep, until you are penitent, until you can feel to forgive, as he forgave until your whole soul is humbled, until you feel compassion in your heart towards sin-sick and suffering humanity, until you feel your own dear heart beat in unison with the heart of Christ in his suffering for us on the despised cross. Then will you be blessed in knowing and in feeling in your own souls that compassion which is of Heaven, which brings forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ, and gives us the blessed, the enduring hope of a world's salvation. Endeavour to learn and to know the heart, the mind that is in Christ Jesus, and be a new creature in him. Learn of him, of his works, what his *heart* was.

#### IMMORTALITY.

THE following beautiful lines, by Dr. Beattie, contain three of the many familiar (but not considered) arguments in favour of a future life for man. Their poetic beauty may serve to fix the argument more firmly in the memory:—

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
When fate, relenting, lets the flower survive?  
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?  
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet  
Survive,  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign!

#### THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

If a nation wants to have strong and healthy men it must take care of the children. The gardener takes care of the tender plant that he may have a hardy tree. The French have learned the lesson about the young, and have passed the following laws about the employment of children:—

1. It is forbidden to employ children under the age of 16 for oiling, cleaning, inspecting, or repairing any machine or mechanism while in motion. It is also forbidden to employ them for the same purpose when the mechanism is stopped but while the transmitting belts are still in motion, provided the brakes or their equivalents are applied so as to prevent the possibility of starting.

2. It is forbidden to employ children under the age of 16 in workshops where machines are used, of which dangerous parts, or projecting parts, are not covered with proper shields.

3. Children under the age of 12, exceptionally allowed to take part in some safe branches of industry, may not be employed to carry or pull any load whatsoever. Those from 12 to 14 years may not carry more than 20 pounds; from 14 to 15, not more than 30 pounds.

4. It is forbidden to employ children under the age of 16 to turn apparatus by means of a treadle; it is also forbidden to employ them to turn horizontal wheels.

5. Children under the age of 16 may not be employed to turn such vertical wheels as are used to produce power, and must in all cases be allowed at least a whole hour for rest at midday.

6. In all shops where circular or band saws are used, children under the age of 16 may not be employed.

7. Children under the age of 16 may not be employed to work with any cutting tools worked by machinery.

8. Children under the age of 14 may not be employed in glass-works to take glass from the crucibles.

9. It is forbidden to admit children under the age of 9 into work where steam-engines are in operation, or to prepare them for serving the same.



## A UNITARIAN LADY.

WE have ever had a deep interest in drawing the attention of our young people to the intelligent and virtuous of our own household of faith. Mrs. Sigourney, the eminent authoress, was one of us, and a lady who knew her well has written the following sketch of her character:—

"The opening period of her life was in a humble cottage, where her poetic impulses were cherished by some of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery of our country. Here, till womanhood dawned, was hidden a 'gem of purest ray serene,' when it was discovered and appreciated by a venerable lady, who now doubtless wears the treasures of the heavenly crown.

"In the family of an aged friend (Mrs. Lathrop) she was brought into the society of the most distinguished men of our country. She secured a flourishing school, embracing the daughters of most of the leading citizens. Soon after, aided by the counsel and criticism of a warm friend, her first poetical effusions were collected in a volume which met with general favour.

"As it respects the enjoyment of earthly good, these were the palmy days of her life. Cherished as a child in a most amiable family, surrounded by all the refinements of wealth, the cynosure of one of the most polished literary circles in the nation, employed in training the finest and most influential female minds, and the object of their enthusiastic admiration and love; this was, in after-life, often referred to, by her, as the happiest period of her life.

"Five years passed in these pleasing duties, and then, in 1819, she was married to Charles Sigourney, a gentleman of culture and refinement, and a prosperous merchant.

"The period from her marriage to her husband's death was that in which her literary success culminated, and her position as a popular writer was most flatteringly acknowledged.

"Placed by her husband at the head of one of the most beautiful establishments in the city, it became the resort of multitudes of strangers, led to her at

once by her wide reputation and good will of admiring friends around.

"The reverses of fortune obliged Mr. Sigourney, near the close of his life, to relinquish the beautiful residence so much honoured and adorned by the genius of his wife. Here her two children, a son and a daughter were born, and spent their early childhood. Her poetic farewell and lament on leaving this rural home is touching and beautiful. From this time her residence was in a small but picturesque cottage within the city limits.

"In estimating Mrs. Sigourney's literary claims, we need to refer to the faults of the age in which she lived—a period in which the desire for distinction and originality betrayed literary men into strange vagaries of language and style, and for a time threatened to barbarise the purity of our language.

"Resisting the general tendency to inflations, to hard transpositions, and to rough violation of rhythmic rules, she adhered to the pure standard of our best English classics, both in rhythm, construction, and expression.

"The fault of her writings, to a degree, arose from her very virtues. Not only did her generous and sympathetic nature lead her to constant and elegiac funereal effusions, but she was constantly beset by mourning friends, not only among her acquaintance, but entire strangers, through the mail, entreating her to consecrate the grave of their dear ones with the flowers of her genius.

"The ground-root of her specific virtues was a fine intellectual organisation, with the predominance of *benevolence* and *sympathy*, which native principles were strengthened and developed by strict conscientiousness and an earnest piety. Her native impulse and her religious principles were in perfect harmony. Taking the Saviour as her model, it was her daily aim to follow him who 'went about doing good.' Especially did her sympathising nature enter into his spirit who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to bear the burdens of the weak, and to raise up those that are bowed down. It was thus that she became a most remarkable example of tender *reverence to the aged*



"It is often spoken of as a *mystery* what infirm and apparently useless members of a family are left to drag on a weary existence, while the young, vigorous, and useful are snatched to an early grave. But this apparent mystery ceases, if we reflect that the family state is the preliminary period of training for that kingdom of heaven in which each is living, not for self, but for the best good of the whole great family of God. None are prepared for this kingdom till, like its Great Master, the happiness of others is the chief end, and self-denial and self-sacrifice the great means to that end.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." How could the young in each family be trained to follow our Divine Exemplar in this great and difficult duty, were not the sick, the aged, and the poor connected with the family state? Few realize the burdens that the aged bear, especially those who have been parents or those who have held honour and authority.

"Instead of being the loved and respected dispensers of favours, and the rulers of the family, they find themselves either forsaken in their desolate home, or mere appendages to another family. Their opinions and counsel are no longer sought; they become subordinates and subject to the will of those they once controlled; they find that they are burdens rather than helpers, and often suspect that the family would be much more comfortable without than with them. Their resources for enjoyment fail; society abroad ceases to attract; their senses begin to fail; their loss of hearing often shuts out social enjoyment; the eye is dimmed, so that reading is no longer a resource. Under all these privations and burdens sometimes the temper fails, so that the 'peevishness of old age' has become proverbial. To all this are often added infirmities and sickness that demand constant sympathy, care, labour, and patience. The infirm grand-parent, the aged mother, the homeless relative, the worn-out domestic,—these are preserved, often when they would gladly depart, in order that the highest lesson in

Christian life may be taught to the young.

"Happy the parents who, instead of regarding these dependent inmates as crosses and trials, welcome them as suffering ministers of good, aiding in the great and difficult mission of training the young to patient and self-sacrificing benevolence.

"In fulfilling these duties, Mrs. Sigourney's example should be presented, not only as her lasting honour, but as a benefaction to an age and country so untrained and so heedless of these sacred obligations. For even in Christian families, the neglected or even insulted parent often has occasion to exclaim: 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child!'

"When Mrs. Sigourney was placed in her elegant mansion and sought after by the first in the land, she moved her infirm parents from their lowly home and gave them one of her best apartments. Though preserving their rustic tastes and manners, and though plain and unattractive to strangers, no royal personages were ever treated with more care and reverence, while her little children were carefully trained to similar deference and kind attentions.

"The writer had occasion repeatedly to notice such manifestations from her little ones. The respectful bow or curtsy every morning at the chamber-door of the grand-parents, the presentation of flowers, the little services needed by the infirm, all were rendered with cheerful alacrity. Once the little boy, taken to a room where was a picture of his paternal grandfather, was instructed to take off his hat and make a bow to the likeness of the aged ancestor.

"And when, after years of care and watching, the aged father, dying with a cancer, that most painful and trying of all diseases, was not turned off to hired nurses. His loving child, with her own hands, dressed his wounds, and ministered to all his wants.

"These tender ministries to the aged were extended to many beyond her own home. Repeatedly the writer has found copies of her works, with little



poetic greetings, sent to aged persons, some of them humble and poor, *on their birthday*, of which she kept the memory, when perhaps their own children had forgotten it. In like manner the poor and the sick were constantly remembered and ministered to by one who thus followed her Lord, 'going about doing good.' A physician in an extensive practice in the city, remarked that he found Mrs. Sigourney's cups and baskets for the sick in all directions, and oftener than from any other hand.

"Even to the last hour of her life, these tender ministries were continued. One of her last requests was, that some oranges should be sent to an aged woman, and some of her flowers to a sick young girl.

"Another offset from the root of benevolence in Mrs. Sigourney's character, was her tender regard for others in construing motives and character. She had much of that charity which 'hopeth all things and thinketh no evil.'

"So in conversation, it was rarely that her kind impulses did not fasten on something in the person or family of her visitor that was pleasant to recall. In her private life Mrs. Sigourney's example was in some other particulars worthy of mention. She was remarkable for *systematic industry*. Habitually an early riser, it was in the bright morning hours that her pen was busy, when most of her friends were in slumber. It was her habit also to keep always at hand some article of industry, so that a portrait of her with knitting-needles in her hands is the truest memorial of her diligence, for so she oftenest appeared to her friends.

The blessings she scattered to others returned to cheer her last day. Many loving friends ministered to her, and in her closing hours, her own and her adopted daughters watched her sick-bed, and were mourners at her grave.

If I would pray,  
I've naught to say  
But this: that God may be God still,  
For him to live  
Is still to give,  
And sweeter than my wish His will.  
D. A. Wasson.

## FOR CHILDREN.

REMEMBER always to live in peace. Hate all strife. It is a dreadful thing to be at war with those around us. Be kind to everybody. If you cannot live quietly with any one of your companions, withdraw from him. It is a sad sight to see boys and girls engaged in disputes or quarrels.

Be very kind to the weak and poor, and the unfortunate around you. God long ago said, "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child." He also said, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind." It is both mean and wicked to take advantage of the infirmities and misfortunes of those around us.

Watch your lips. Keep your tongue from evil, and your mouth from speaking guile. Life and death are in the power of the tongue. Ask yourself if it is right for you to say anything, then try to speak kindly and truthfully and soberly. Childhood and youth spent in sin are a great vanity. Beware of evil speaking.

Be not too fond of play. It is right that young people should have their time of play. But some hate work and hate their books, and love their ease, and would rather play all the time. Learn to find your joy in doing your duty. It may be hard for you to do some things, but try your best, and by degrees they will become easier.

Obeys your parents. Obeys them promptly, cheerfully, in all things that are lawful. I hope they would not command you to do a wicked thing. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

Be very kind and respectful to old people. Never make fun of them. Their age itself should protect them. Children may often be gay without any sin; but let them never make merry over the appearance or infirmities of old people.

Do all you can to be like Jesus Christ. He was the best model that children ever had. He is the best friend they now have.



## TRUE RELIGION.

It is a trite remark to say that "man is by nature a religious being;" but it is no less true than trite. Whatever else man may be, no matter what other elements find a home in his soul, in some nook or cranny lies the germ, though it be enwrapped around by the dry husk of superstition, that, under favouring influences, will bloom into a true religious feeling and faith.

This fact we find manifest among the savages who offer their worship to material deities, for their fetish worship, consisting of juggleries and wild incantations, is prompted by the same religious instinct that causes us to bow our heads in adoration of the Great King; it is this religious instinct that lies hidden in the soul of man which prompts those who illogically define religion as consisting in "fidelity to our sacred convictions, whatever they may be;" and those who worship the Unseen according to a formulated creed; and those from whose hearts there springs forth a glad recognition of their duty toward their fellows, and who, by the rendering of a kindness to their fellow-man, live the definition the Word has breathed into their souls, and are really "bound back" again to God, as the term religion signifies. And thus, whether it be in the superstition of the South Sea cannibal, the ceremonies of the Indian "medicine man," the Chinese joss house, or the Christian church, with its ceremonies or its simplicity—in all the ranks that lie between the extremes is found the religious idea, unformed and crude, or formulated by an Ecclesiasticism into a crystalline system of dogma, made evident by the fact of the offered worship, the expressed religious feeling.

But this religious instinct does not constitute pure or true religion, though the latter may be evolved from it. What, then, is "true religion?" In answer:—Every heart contains within its hidden recesses a religious emotion, however weak it may be; and this emotion is true religion just as far as it recognises the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, and that

goodness that not only makes up the sum of His being, but likewise flows forth in every part of the universe, blessing and to bless. That is a true religion that upholds the tired spirit when the billows break over it; that in darkness giveth a sweet faith that the morning cometh, and that causes the soul to sing in glad song of the goodness and mercy of the Lord. True religion utters its voice through the medium of worship, and worship takes us from the depths on angel wings, bearing us upward until self is lost in adoration of the pure and Holy One, who is higher and better than we, and who draws us back again to Himself through our adoration, and binds us with the bonds of love. We may be low down on the scale of spiritual life; like bears and hyenas we may have become; yet safe in our hearts there still remains the ideal of what we ought to be, of what God would have us to be; and, like the Lion in the presence of Luna, we can but respect and adore. Yea, we are conscious of God Himself, and we can do naught but worship, ever ascending the golden stairway of love, thus entering into the true religion of Jesus Christ.

If in seeking this pure, this true religion, we look simply at individual men, we may be disappointed in our search; we may even fail to find the religious element. The circumstances that have touched many a man's life, instead of tending to bring forth, have all operated for the concealing of that element; but when the individual is merged into the assembly, when, instead of dealing with the man, we are considering the masses, then, just as to the walker in a dense forest all trees seem to be of equal height, but when, having passed beyond the forests' limits, he turns and looks backward, he sees the heaven reaching pine and hemlock, or sycamore and tulip o'er topping all, and all conspicuous, so the religious element is evolved from the multitude, and is sure to be a predominant element in souls and a marked characteristic of men. It is manifested in worship, and we see it crystallised into a belief in the object worshipped as a sentient, an adorable being; hence,



in all ages among all men, true religion has existed and possessed adherents, and has been for the strengthening of the souls of those by whom it has been held; for faith in God not only infuses all science and philosophy with a progressive spirit, but it likewise "nourishes the soul into a generous expectation born of hope."

It was because they possessed this true religion that the Vedas sang of God in strains of exultation; it was this which caused Sophocles to speak truly, saying:—

"One is truth, one is God,  
Who made both Heaven and the far  
reaching earth,  
And ocean's blue wave and mighty winds.  
But many of us mortals deceived in heart,  
Have set up for ourselves as a consolation  
in our affliction,  
Images of the gods, of stone or wood, or  
brass or gold or ivory,  
And worship these with vain offerings."

And Zoroaster, possessing in some measure this divine truth, could speak and teach of that authority and power which is held by the supreme God of goodness, truth, and light. The centuries are themselves proof, and do attest the truth, that wherever man has lived, he has looked over time's boundaries into God's eternity, and seen manifestations of a divine power that lies beyond and above the earth.

As Christ found food for thought, and truths for utterance, in the fields among the works of nature, so may we also find in nature's dominion, the precious truths of religion. Nature and the Bible form the one universal volume unto us, wherein we find the words of our Lord, and may enter into his joy and be clothed upon with the brightness of his glory, his life-love and beauteous character. For, after all, true religion is nothing less than true life. It does not consist in faith only, nor yet in worship simply; but in united faith and worship, saturated with the trustful, binding, divine love of Christ. This rounds life out full and complete, for "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Said the Apostle James:—"Pure religion and undefiled before God the

Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

Thus a true religious life is a life of charity; it is a life that goes into the homes of the desolate, speaking to their hearts, relieving their wants, sympathising with them in their distresses, instructing them in divine things, and raising them to God. It is doing unto them as unto the Lord. This is the religion of Christ; and the life that does not prove itself by these things—the works of charity—is not a true religious life. Religion is love. This love is founded on a faith in a God of love. This faith is the inspiration of the world. Through love based on faith in divine love, society advances and becomes purified; is enabled to secure the peace and safety of each individual in its circle, which last shall be superseded by the peace and happiness of Heaven.

Thus through a oneness with God, the world is made at one with itself. Through this true religion we see the purpose and result of this earth life. The purpose—to lead men to God. The result—to make the world at one with Him forever more. True religion makes the believer a better, a wiser, and a stronger man, leading him to realise that,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

M. W. TABOR.

#### ANNIVERSARIES.

THEY come so often now—these days,  
Days when my loved ones died,  
That all the changing seasons seem  
Close unto death allied.

I knew they passed from death to life  
Beyond the chilling flood,  
That pain and suffering and loss  
But veiled th' eternal good;

I know they dwell with Christ in light—  
For did he not declare  
His Father's House was broad and free,  
With many mansions there?

There were the clearer light excludes  
The shadow of a fear,  
In blest reunion, satisfied,  
They keep a glad new year.



## HOW SHALL WE OBTAIN FAITH.

By REV. T. B. THAYER.

It is a comforting and gladsome thing to have perfect faith in God; to feel that all events are so ordered by his wisdom and beneficence that they shall ultimately in good; to rest quiet in the firm belief that nothing can come to us but by his permission, and that whatever *does* come is for the best, whatever its present look or seeming.

But how are we to attain to this faith? This question is often asked, in a sad and mournful tone by those who are passing through the furnace of affliction. This unquestioning faith which faces the storm of calamity and sorrow, is indeed, say they, a treasure inestimable, the highest good of the soul; but how are we to secure it, and make it our own?

I can answer this in only one way: By the use of means—in the same manner that any other great good is obtained—by effort; not by waiting idly, as if, some day, it would come without an effort. "Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

In the old reader of our school days, the story is told of an aged and venerable and truly Christian man whom Heaven had blessed with a most excellent son, who had arrived at manhood, and by successful enterprise had accumulated a large fortune, which he delighted to use in improving the condition and promoting the happiness of his less fortunate fellows.

One day, when the son was absent in a distant part of the country, the aged father unexpectedly received a visit from one who had been the friend and companion of his boyhood and youth, but whom he had not seen in the sixty years which had intervened. Of course the meeting was a joyful one, marked by many warm greetings and tender recollections of their early days.

At the dinner table the saintly old man made acknowledgments of the Lord's mercy to him and of his many gracious bounties; and in the conversation which followed renewed the theme, and often spoke of the divine goodness, of the providence and mercy of God

toward him and his. The frequency and fervency of these allusions at last provoked from his visiting friend an avowal of his own unbelief both as to the goodness and existence of God. He had no faith in either, he said; no proof of either.

The aged Christian made no reply in argument. After dinner, however, he took him out to show him the town, or straggling village, near which he lived. And among other things he called his attention to a row of neat cottages, with pleasant little gardens—which had recently taken the place of ruined and crumbling tenements—fitted with every convenience and comfort, and the inmates cheerful, contented, virtuous and grateful to their benefactor for the beneficent change he had wrought in their condition. "And their benefactor," said the happy old man, "is my son, now absent, whom I regret you cannot see and know." "I should be glad to know him," was the reply, "he must be a good man."

Then he took him to a large, airy, well-ordered factory, where he pointed out to him the busy and happy operatives, singing at their work, well clothed, well fed, well paid, and thence to a savings bank, whence their surplus earnings were deposited, showing that every one of them had laid by something for a day of need. "And all this," said he, "is the work of my son—who built this factory, gathered these people in from the surrounding haunts of infamy and crime, most of them living by beggary or theft, and furnished them employment, and made them industrious and happy. "Surely," said his visitor, "he must be a kind-hearted, thoughtful, noble man. I admire and love him already before seeing or knowing him."

Then he took him to a neat and pleasant school house, where he showed him twoscore or more children, healthy, neatly dressed, diligent in study, excellent for order, and eager to obtain knowledge, and coming up by and by to be intelligent and useful citizens. "And my son," said the proud old man, "built this schoolhouse, gathered in these children from the street, pays the teacher, furnishes books, and does



everything for them—and he means as soon as he can perfect his plans, to build cottages, factories and schoolhouses for all the needy people of the town.”

“Blessed old man,” exclaimed the stranger, with enthusiasm and tremulous emotion, “blessed old man, what a noble son you have. I honour him with all my soul. How generous, how large-minded and intelligent in his beneficent work, how full his heart of kindness for his suffering fellow beings, how munificent in his gifts to the unfortunate and needy—a noble, wise and good man”—he would have said more, but the father stopped him by asking,

“How do you know he is all this that you are saying? what proof have you that he is wise and good and noble? You have no acquaintance with him. Indeed, how do you know that I have a son at all? You have never seen him.”

“Yes,” said his friend, “but I have seen his works; I know that he is a good man by what he has done and is doing. I judge the tree by its fruits. I know his character by his works.”

“And why not do the same thing in regard to God?” said the aged saint. “Why not observe the same rule in judging of his being and character. You have more proof of God’s existence, of his wisdom and goodness than you have of my son’s.”

What truth there is in this reply! Look at the heavens above you in their order and beauty, you who ask the way to faith in God; look at the earth beneath your feet, with its annual blossom and fruitage, its beneficent adaptations to man’s wants and comforts; look at your own body with its wonderful mechanism, the hand, the eye, the ear, the lungs, the heart; and at the still more amazing mind which dwells in it, with its miraculous faculties, its lofty aspirations, its holy loves, its great hopes lifting like the lights of prophecy and promise on the horizon of the future—why, in these only, to say nothing of manifold other exhibitions of the divine character, you have a thousand fold greater and more eloquent proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God, than the old man’s friend had in the cottages,

and factories, and schoolhouses of his son’s benevolence, and wisdom, and nobleness of character.

The Book of Life, too, radiant with the promises of his love; the mission of Jesus, who, while we were dead in trespasses and sins, died for us that we might rise to newness of life and new obedience; the grateful testimony of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and saints in all ages of the world; the glorious revelation of the life immortal, of everlasting growth in knowledge and spiritual attainments; and the wealth of peace and consolation and blessedness which has flowed from these like a river into the soul of the believer—these, patiently and prayerfully reviewed, with an earnest desire to find the truth, are some of the means by which the doubting soul may attain to the assurance of faith. But they are *means*, and as such must be used. The food upon your table is not life nor strength, but it is the way to these, and you must use it, you must eat, or strength and vitality depart, and you die. So divine truth is the food of the soul; untouched it does you no good, but appropriated, taken into the soul, and it is life, strength, courage and victory!

They who would have faith in God, who would have the peace and joy of perfect trust in his wisdom and goodness, must make themselves familiar with the truths of the promises of his word, and the wonders and creative power; with all the beneficent anticipations and provisions of Nature in regard to our wants, all the countless delicate and beautiful adjustments of the material forces to the convenience, elevation and highest culture of man. Let any one survey this vast field of evidence, and he cannot help believing in the wisdom and benevolence of the power that shaped and presides over the universe; for with every eye of the soul he will see that he is forever, not only in the presence of God, but of a God of infinite, unwearied goodness, and who makes man the object of his special care and affection.

Then, turning from this, let him survey the order of divine providence; let him consider the rule of God among the nations, and mark how, though



lowly, yet surely, justice, equity, righteousness are getting the mastery in our world. I do not say there are no mysteries in God's dealings with us, no problems of evil staggering even the most resolute faith sometimes; but I do say that as time rolls on it solves many of them. Let any one look at the great facts revealed by the history of the American nation within the last few years. How dark it was when the rebellion was in its power! How light it is now! How the battle smoke of our early defeats rose up for a time between us and the divine wisdom and goodness; but how these few years have cleared the murky atmosphere, and shown us that though God's ways are not ours, they are higher than ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth.

How ought then the mistakes they have already made to rebuke the hasty judgment of his ways by those who make the mysteries of Providence and the evils of life an excuse for want of faith! Clouds and darkness are certainly sometimes round about his throne, but whoever has carefully surveyed the map of human history in the past, whoever closely watches the march of events in the present, will be convinced not only that God is, but that he rules in the affairs of men, and that in the end all events will vindicate his wisdom, his righteousness and his unchangeable goodness.

### YOUR DEBT TO YOUR MOTHER.

MOTHERS live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood

of honour and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say over much. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest, and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with debt to her not half discharged.

### CHILDREN DOING GOOD.

I AM sure you will find out ways of showing kindness if you look for them. One strong lad I saw the other day, carrying a heavy basket for a tired little girl. Another dear boy I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady sitting in her arm-chair by the fire once said, "My dear granddaughter there is hands, feet, and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why, she runs about so nimbly to do the work of the house; she brings me so willingly whatever I want; and when she has done, she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter from the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think she had been useful; for there was a school-mate there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried, too, because I was sorry for her, and after a little while she left off crying, and said I had done her good."

The ways in which you can do kind actions are very, very many. Almost every hour of the day, if you have a kind heart, you will find some opportunity of doing a kind deed.



## THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"ONE of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said:

"'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.'

"'What does grandfather mean by that?' I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson, 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"And what valuable lessons they are!

"Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about

your associates." Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation-stone of character and honourable success.—*Moravian*

## SERMON.

Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.—*Luke ix. 60.*

"I NEVER thought until I heard this sermon to-day that we are all preachers," said Andrew.

"I'm no preacher, I'm sure," said Jim.

"Surely I am not," said Mary.

And Lucy joined the protestors by saying, "I have never occupied anybody's pulpit, I know."

"And yet you preach every day of your lives. I will tell you what our minister said about it, and you will understand, as I do now, that every one of us are preachers."

"Do you mean to take a text, and stand up, and say a sermon over to people?"

"No. I don't mean that. There are few preachers, if you count only those who preach with words; but taking the real preaching which is in look, and tone, and action, there are as many preachers as there are people on the earth."

"Some of them preach very bad doctrines, if you call all deeds preaching," says Lucy.

"Yes, very bad," Andrew replied. "Or if you count only looks as preaching, think what a great variety of indifferent, almost worthless sermons are preached every day. How many people do you meet in the street that seem to teach you anything good by their faces?"

"If they don't teach anything bad we are fortunate. I see a great many people that look so cross and discontented, that I am sure they are not preaching very good sermons with their faces."

"That is true, Lucy. Our minister spoke of that. He said we had no right to go in the street looking in that way. He told us of Sydney Smith, who said that 'a sour face was a breach of the peace.'"

"Then do you think that we ought to fix up our faces when we are going out in the street, and put on a company



peace as we would a company dress?" Jim asked.

"I don't believe I could remember to keep mine fixed. If I stood before the looking-glass a half hour before I went out, and got on my very prettiest smile, I should forget it after I got out if anything vexed me, and be committing what Sidney Smith would call 'breach of the peace,'" said Lucy.

"That was one of the very things that our minister talked most about. He said that no amount of outward fixing could make a face stay beautiful unless the heart was thoroughly fixed within. You might as well try to make a clock go right by fixing the dial-plate when the machinery was wrong inside."

"Then if we are to look beautiful, we are to be beautiful first."

"That is just it. Our minister said that a really good, kind heart makes a face over it say plainer than the words of the Bible can say, 'My peace I leave with you.'"

"They are a good interpretation of that Scripture, certainly a translation of it into a language that everybody can understand," said Lucy.

"Yes, they are. And this is I think what is meant when we are commanded to go and preach the kingdom of God. That kingdom you know is righteousness and peace, and when we speak the peace within out of our eyes, it is as well as if we spoke it with our lips."

"We can speak it by actions, too," says Jim.

"Yes, every day, and every hour, but it is not best to take too many things at once to remember in a sermon. If we keep it clear in our minds this week that we are to look as if we had received the peace which the Saviour left in the world for all who will accept it, we shall have a lesson that will help our daily lives."

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF CREATION.

WITHOUT doubt, after the microscope has done all it can do to make visible the tiny animals of the earth and the air, millions of very little creatures will still remain undiscovered. What is the smallest house to live in? Do

you say a drop of water? Yet millions of living creatures live in a drop of water. Yes, mere atoms, a thousand or twenty-thousandth part of an inch in size; and such queer shapes! They look like bottles, funnels, fruit, wheels, eels, serpents, &c. Some are soft, like leeches; others have a hard, flinty shell. They are of all colours, green, red, yellow, and no colour at all. The green scum you see on stagnant water is formed of them. Some emit light like a glow-worm.

A ship sailing in the ocean at night often seems to leave a trail of light behind her in the waters. It is caused by millions and millions of these little creatures. They are called infusoria. You cannot see them with the naked eye; only by a microscope. They have horns, claws, bristles, ears, paddles, and move swiftly about.

Deposits of the shelly infusoria form the fine sand which is used in making the beautiful porcelain ware. The famous pyramids of Egypt are built of them; for what is limestone but the dead bodies of these little creatures? Some of God's greatest works are done by the power of littles.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

WHEN the beams of morning  
Gild the earth and skies,  
May our hearts and voices,  
Lord, to thee arise;  
When our labours calls us  
And to work we go,  
Shielded by thy armour  
We need fear no foe.

In the world's hard battle,  
In the noon-tide strife,  
Tossed like restless billows  
On the sea of life—  
Gladdened by thy presence,  
Strengthened by thy might,  
Press we ever onward,  
Upward to Thy light.

And when day is over,  
And life's work is done  
In the twilight wait we  
Till our race is run—  
Till the angel voices  
Ring thro' the night,  
Call us to the mansions  
Of eternal light. C. B.



### WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**SWEET.**—"My dear," asked Mrs. J. of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

**IDEAS OF GENTILITY.**—Bridget: "Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady to carry in the street, Nora!" Cook: "Sure, thin, some prefers a three volume book. But I prefers a roll of music meself—quite careless and aisy like."

**AN OLD LEGEND.**—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty, at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which he was to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou stayed, I had fled."

**A HUMBLE YET GREAT ATTAINMENT.**—This is from Edward Everett:—"To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish."

**CATHOLIC CREDULITY.**—French Roman Catholic papers give very realistic information of the late Pope's reception into Heaven. We presume the accounts must be from their "special correspondents." The *Le Pelerin* thus describes the arrival of Pius IX. in Paradise:—"On entering he received from the Immaculate Virgin Mary a crown, as a reward for the crown which he had given her on earth. St. Joseph, whom he had made patron of the Church, did not fail to shake hands with him warmly, and to express his thanks. St. Peter, on seeing him, opened the choir at once. Hilarius, Francis of Sales, and Alfonso of Liguori, the three doctors of the Church, proclaimed by him, glorified by turns the deeds of his pontificate. Fifty-two saints and twenty-six beatified ones, who owe him their present positions, entertained him with a sweet concert."

**UNION AND DIS-UNION.**—A minister was telling a young girl who was about to become a bride, that man and wife are one. "Mercy!" said she, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they are quarrelling, you'd think they were at least a dozen."

**CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.**—An old washerwoman once would hang her clothes to dry on the railings of a church; after repeated prohibitions from the churchwardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence: "Lor' bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't go and take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'Sides, sir, cleanliness comes next to godliness, parson says."

**FIGHT IT OUT.**—A story is told of a well-known lecturer which is pecuniary interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question—"Where is your wife?" Now the gentleman having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth—"I don't know." "Don't know?" replied the enfant terrible. "Why don't you know?" Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives—"Well, we don't live together; we think as we can't agree, we'd better not." He stifled a groan as the child began and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed—"Can't agree—Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?" "Vengeance is mine," retorted the visitor laughingly, after pa and ma had exchanged looks of holy horror followed by the inevitable roar.

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